RESOLUTION EAS, At 12:00 noon on January 9, 1973, the 63rd Legislature of the State of Texas convened in regular session begin what many herald as a new era in Texas state government; nď WHEREAS, Needless to say, the chamber of the House was packed with members, old and new, with their kith and kin; but though one desk was empty--Desk 33--there was little doubt that the rightful owner would soon be there: his friends--and numbered 3 among them was every member of the house--had pirated one of the 9 security guards to ride shotgun and see that no one but Joe 10 Spurlock II occupied the chair or pushed the "aye" and "no" buttons 11 on the desk; and 12 WHEREAS, The presence of the guard--for he is still in daily 13 attendance--gives a decidery cosmopolitan air to the old house 14 chamber and so impressive is his mien, so diligent his protection 15 of Desk 33, that members automatically check all weapons and other 16 metal objects with the sergeant-at-arms when they enter the 17 hallowed hall; and 13 WHEREAS, Old Joe need have no fears that anyone will exercise 19 squatter's rights and take over Desk 33; his comrades are too 20 eager to have him back and any outsider who dares try to encroach 21 on Joe Spurlock's territory will have to penetrate a human Maginot 22 Line of members and be scalded by the invective of the house's 23 greatest masters of the art; and 24

WHEREAS, All this may sound facetious, but it comes with sincerity from the friends and colleagues of Joe Spurlock II, who are praying for his speedy recovery and, at the same time, are making sure that he finds his desk and possessions as he left them when he makes it back to the house chamber to continue representing his Fort Worth constituents in his usual estimable manner; now, therefore, be it

RESOLVED by the House of Representatives of the 63rd Legislature, Regular Session, That this resolution be forwarded to our dear friend and colleague, Joe Spurlock II, with all good wishes for his speedy recovery and his return to this house chamber which will limp along like a gear that has slipped a cog until Desk 33 has its rightful owner in residence.